

ENCOUNTERS

Design: Cindy Bowens

Saturday
January 18, 1986
Convocation Hall

The Department of Music
presents

ENCOUNTERS

*The Third of a Series
of Four Concerts*

Introduction

Dr. Christopher Lewis

Program:

Trio in E-flat for horn, violin and piano, Op. 40 (1865)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Andante — Poco più animato
Scherzo: Allegro —
 Molto meno allegro
Adagio mesto
Finale: Allegro con brio

*Norman Nelson (violin)
Kay McCallister (horn)
Joachim Segger (piano)*

Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21 (1912)

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

Three-times-seven poems
by Albert Giraud

Part I:

1. Mondestrunken
2. Colombine
3. Der Dandy
4. Eine Blasse Wäscherin
5. Valse de Chopin
6. Madonna
7. Der Kranke Mond
(continued)

PROGRAM NOTES

AND

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

PROGRAM NOTES

TRIO IN E-FLAT FOR HORN, VIOLIN AND PIANO, OP. 40 (1865) - JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833 - 1897)

Together with the piano, the horn, which Brahms played as a young man, formed an important starting point in the development of his feeling for instrumental timbres. Brahms was thirty-two when he wrote the Horn Trio, a work which, besides including themes of the hunting type traditionally associated with the horn--and it is significant that he expressed a preference for the evocative natural horn to be used here, although the valved instrument had long been current--is pervaded by two dissimilar moods: tranquil romantic reverie, inspired by the beauty of the Black Forest where the Trio was composed, and grief at the death of his mother three months earlier. The latter finds outlet in the deeply elegiac third movement (in the course of which occurs a slow-speed anticipation of the finale's main theme) and the brooding central section of the scherzo, which otherwise is cheerfully bucolic and illustrates a favourite Brahmsian technique of lengthening figures derived from basic material. Most unusually for Brahms, the first movement is not cast in sonata form but is a mellow meditation consisting of contrasting sections, alternately in 2/4 and 9/8, within an extremely subtly organized tonal scheme. It will be observed that the piano (which the composer himself played at the first performance in December 1865) is occupied mainly with accompanimental figurations in the opening Andante and comes to the fore only with the succeeding scherzo.

(© Lionel Salter)

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 (1912) - ARNOLD SCHOENBERG (1874 - 1951)

Beginning as a nameless "zanni" in a white suit, the character of Pierrot moved with the Commedia dell'Arte to France where he was given his name by Molière, and his constantly changing role by the writers for the fairs of Paris. Perhaps because of his ability to be anyone and anything, Pierrot was a natural character to be assumed by individuals, who imbued him with their own personalities and abilities. Thus by the end of the nineteenth century, Pierrot was rude, egotistical, mournful, stricken with nightmares, cruel, teasing, and a master of trickery. His identification with the moon arose with the great French mime Jean-Claude Debureau, and was established forever in the symbolist poems of Paul Verlaine. In the "rondels bergamasques" by Albert Giraud, written in 1884, he is all of these things.

Dreimal Sieben Gedichte aus Albert Girauds Pierrot Lunaire was written by Arnold Schoenberg in 1912 as a commission from a retired German actress, Albertine Zehme. Mme. Zehme had a fascination with the character of Pierrot and a background in melodramatic performance, so popular at the end of the nineteenth century. A previous commission for a piano accompaniment as background to the Hartleben translations of Giraud's poems had left her dissatisfied and, on the advice of friends, she recommissioned settings of the poems from Arnold Schoenberg. The result is the closest amalgamation of the speaking voice and music ever written. Though melodrama unified the speaking voice and music, Schoenberg integrated his precisely notated inflections into the actual musical fabric of the work, both rhythmically and melodically. No inflection is left to chance, thus

*an unmasked character from the Italian Commedia dell'Arte, usually a servant

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 (1912) -
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG (1874 - 1951) continued

allowing the composer to govern all of the vocal gestures that communicate the vast scope of emotional colorings of which the human voice is capable.

The poems are arranged in three groups of seven poems. Section one introduces us to Pierrot as a moon-drunk poet, dandified and melancholy. Section two leads us through his nightmares when the light is obscured by gigantic black butterflies, his laughter is gone, and he is finally crucified on his poems. The third section returns him to his home in a fantastic world of brighter light. Though the poems can be interpreted many ways from naive fun to intensely black, Schoenberg, by controlling the rhythm and inflection of the reciter, allows only his own interpretation of the symbolism, and indeed admonishes the performers not to add to the music what is not there.

Pierrot Lunaire is a magical and fascinating work in many respects. Its use of devices such as canon and passacaglia, contrapuntal intricacies, motivic and non-motivic formal procedures and rhythmic associations are all notable. Though each of the twenty-one poems has repeated lines of text, the musical settings of these lines are always different. The chamber ensemble is unique in itself, being actually a quintet with three players expected to double on another instrument, yielding a large number of instrumental combinations. A different instrumental group is used in each piece. The work is one of virtuosic nature, constantly presenting the musicians with challenges. Pierrot Lunaire, in the words of Pierre Boulez, is indeed, a "musical fact that is uniquely successful" in the twentieth century.

(Elsie Hepburn)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 (1912) - ARNOLD SCHOENBERG (1874 - 1951)

German text by Otto Erich Hartleben.

English translations by Ingolf Dahl and Carl Beier.

PART 1:

1. Mondestrunken / Moondrunk

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,

The wine that only eyes may
drink

Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,

Pours from the moon in waves
at nightfall

Und eine Springflut überschwemmt

And like a springflood
overwhelms

Den stillen Horizont.

The still horizon rim.

Gelüste, schauerlich und süß,
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!

Desires, shivering and sweet,
Are swimming without number
through the flood waters!

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,

The wine that only eyes
may drink

Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Pours from the moon in waves
at nightfall.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,
Berauscht sich an dem heilgen Tranke,

The poet, by his ardor driven,
Grown drunken with the holy
drink--

Den Himmel wendet er verzückt
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und
schlürft er

To heaven he rapturously lifts

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

His head and reeling slips and
swallows
The wine that only eyes may
drink

2. Columbine / Columbine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen,
Blühn in den Julinächten--
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,
Such ich am dunklen Strome
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,
Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,
Dürst ich so märchenheimlich,
so selig leis--entblättern
Auf deine braunen Haare
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

The moonlight's palest blossoms,
The whitest wonder-roses,
Bloom in summer nightfall.
O might I break just one!

My anxious pain to soften
I seek by darkest waters--
The moonlight's palest blossoms,
The whitest wonder-roses.

Fulfilled would be my yearning
Might I, as one enchanted,
As one in sleep, unpetal
Upon your auburn tresses
The moonlight's palest blossoms.

3. Der Dandy / The Dandy

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallnen
Flacons
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen
Waschtisch
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönder, bronzener Schale
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen
Klangs.
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallnen
Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute
sich schminkt?
Fort schiebt er das Rot und des
Orients Grün
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem
Stil
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

With lightbeams so weird and
fantastic
The luminous moon lights the
glistening jars
On the ebon, high-holiest
washstand
Of the taciturn dandy from
Bergamo.

Resounding in bronze-tinted
basin
Brightly laughs the fountain
with metallic ring.
With lightbeams so weird and
fantastic
The luminous moon lights the
glistening jars.

Pierrot, with waxen complexion,
Stands musing, and thinks: How
shall I today make up?
He shoves aside rouge and the
Oriental green,
And he daubs his face in most
dignified style
With moonbeams so weird and
fantastic.

4. Eine Blasse Wäscherin / A Pale Washerwoman

Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wäschte zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher,
Nackte, silberweisse Arme
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,

Leis bewegen sie den Strom.
Eine blasse Wäscherin
Wascht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magá des Himmels,
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen

Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen--
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

A pale washerwoman
Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs,
Naked, silverwhitest arms
Reaching downward to the waters.

Through the clearing steal the
breezes

Gently stirring up the stream.
A pale washerwoman
Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs.

And the gentle Maid of Heaven,
By the branches softly fondled,
Spreads out on the darkling
meadows
All her light-bewoven linen--
A pale washerwoman.

5. Valse de Chopin / A Chopin Waltz

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,

Also ruht auf diesen Tönen
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

Wilder Luft Accorde stören
Der Verzweiflung eisgen Traum--
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heis und jauchzend, süß und
schmachtend,
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

As a faint red drop of blood
Stains the pale lips of one
stricken,
So there sleeps within these tones.
A morbid, soul-infecting lure.

Chords of savage lust disrupt
The icy dream of bleak despair--
As a faint red drop of blood
Stains the pale lips of one
stricken.

Warm and joyous, sweet and
yearning,
Melancholy-somber waltzes
Haunt me ever through my senses,
Cling in my imagination
As a faint red drop of blood.

6. Madonna / Madonna

Steig, O Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten

Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen;

Deine ewig frischen Wunden
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit--
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet

Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows,
On the altar of my verses!
Blood from your poor, shrunken
breasts
By the sword's cold rage was
spilled.

Your deep wounds forever open
Seem like eyes, so red and staring.
Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows,
On the altar of my verses.

In your thin and wasted arms
You hold up your Son's broken body
To reveal it to all mankind--
Yet the eyes of men avoid your
grief,
O Mother of All Sorrows.

7. Der Kranke Mond / The Sick Moon

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergross,
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten geht,
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel--
Dein blieches, qualgeborenes Blut,
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

You somber, deathly-stricken moon,
There on the heaven's darkest couch,
Your gaze, so feverishly swollen,
Charms me like a strange enchanted
air.

Of insatiable love-pangs
You die, die, by yearning over-
whelmed,
You somber, deathly-stricken moon,
There on the heaven's darkest couch.

The lover who, with rapturous heart,
Without a care to his mistress goes
Is happy in your play of light,
In your pale and tormented blood,
You somber, deathly-stricken moon.

PART II:

8. Nacht / Night

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfelter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,
Ruht der Horizont--verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlorner Tiefen
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen

Unsichtbar die Ungetüme
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder . . .

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings
Killed the splendid shine of sun.
An unopened magic-book,
The dark horizon lies--in
silence.

The dank fumes of lower darkness
Give off vapor--stifling memory!
Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings
Killed the splendid shine of sun.

And from heaven down to earth
Sink, with heavy, swinging
motion.

Monsters huge, an unseen terror
On all mankind's hearts now
falling--

Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings.

9. Gebet an Pierrot / Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!
Das Bild des Glanzes
Zerfloss--Zerfloss!

Schwarz weht die Flagge
Mir nun vom Mast.
Pierrot! Mein Lachen
Hab ich verlernt!

O gieb mir wieder,
Rossarzt der Seele,
Schneemann der Lyrik,
Durchlaucht vom Monde,
Pierrot--mein Lachen!

Pierrot! My laughter
I have forgot!
The image of splendor
Dissolved, dissolved.

Black waves my banner
Now from my mast.
Pierrot! My laughter
I have forgot!

O give me once more,
Horse-doctor of souls,
Snowman of lyrics,
Moon's maharajah,
Pierrot--my laughter!

10. Raub / Theft

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,
Steigt Pierrot hinab--zu rauben
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da--sträuben sich die Haare,
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:
Durch die Finsterniss--wie Augen'--
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

Princely, luminous red rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory,
Slumber in the dead men's coffins
Below, in the catacombs.

Nights, with his boon companions,
Pierrot creeps down to plunder
Princely, luminous red rubies,
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

But look--their hair stands
straight up,
Pale with fright they stand rooted;
Through the fearsome gloom--like
eyeballs
Staring from the dead men's coffins,
Princely, luminous red rubies.

11. Rote Messe / Red Mass

Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,
Naht dem Altar--Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,
Zerreisst die Priesterkleider
Zu grausem Abendmahle,
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.

Mit segnender Geberde
Ziegt er den bangen Seelen

Die triefend rote Hostie:
Sein Herz--in blutgen Fingern--
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

For evil's dread communion
In blinding golden glitter,
In candleshine-and-shudder,
Mounts the altar--Pierrot!

His hand, the consecrated,
Tears off the priestly vestments
For evil's dread communion
In blinding glitter.

With sign-of-cross and blessing
gestures
He shows to trembling, trembling
souls

The Host all red and dripping:
His heart--in bloody fingers--
For evil's dread communion.

12. Galgenlied / Gallows Song

Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse
Wird seine letzte
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne
Steckt wie ein Nagel
Die dürre Dirne
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen--
Wollüstig wird sie
Den Schelm umhalsen,
Die dürre Dirne!

The haggard harlot
With scrawny neck
Will be the last
Of his mistresses.

In his brain there
Sticks like a sharp nail
The haggard harlot
With scrawny neck.

Thin as a pine tree,
With hanging pigtail,
Lustily she will
Embrace the rascal,
The haggard harlot!

13. Enthauptung / Beheading

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,
Gespenstisch gross--draüt er hinab

Durch schmerzensdunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten

Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert

Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlittern unter ihm die Knie,
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.
Er wähnt: es sause strasend schon
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder

Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

The moon, glistening scimitar
Set on a black and silken cushion.
Unearthly huge, it threatens
downward
Through sorrow-stricken night.

Pierrot wanders so restlessly,
Lifts up his eyes in deathly
fright
To the moon, a glistening
scimitar
Set on a black and silken
cushion.

His knees are shaking with fright
Fainting, he suddenly collapses.
He thinks that on his sinful neck
Comes whistling down with brutal
force
The moon, the glistening scimitar.

14. Die Kreuze / The Crosses

Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!
Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse,
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt--estarrt die Locken--
Fern verweht der Larm des Pöbels.
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,
Eine rote Königskrone--
Heilge Kreuze sind die Verse!

PART III:

15. Heimweh / Homesickness

Lieblich klagend--ein krisstallnes
Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,
Klingts heruber: wie Pierrot so
bölzern,
So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens
Wüste,
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,
Lieblich klagend--ein kristallnes
Seufzen
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergisst Pierrot die Trauermien!
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des
Mondes,
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten--schweift
die Sehnsucht
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel
Lieblich klagend--ein krystallnes
Seufzen!

Holy crosses are the verses
On which poets, mute, are bleeding,
Blindly beaten by the vultures,
Fluttering swarms of ghostly phantoms.

In their bodies daggers revelled,
Blazoned in the blood of scarlet!
Holy crosses are the verses
On which poets, mute, are bleeding.

Reft of life--the locks rigid--
Lo, the rabble's noise is fading.
Slowly sinks the sun in glory,
Like a crimson Emperor's crown.
Holy crosses are the verses

Sweetly plaintive--a crystal sighing

From the old Italian pantomime
Rings across time: how Pierrot's
grown awkward
In such sentimental modern fashion!

And it sounds through the wastes of
his heart
Echoes softly through his senses also,
Sweetly plaintive--a crystal sighing

From the old Italian pantomime.

Now Pierrot forgets his somber mien.
Through the silvery fireglow of
moonlight

Through the flooding waves of light,
his yearning
Soars on high to native skies so distant
Sweetly plaintive--a crystal sighing.

16. Gemeinheit! / Vulgarity

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert,
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchermienen,

Zärtlich--einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen
Seinen echten türkschen Taback
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzetert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel
Hinten in die glatte Glatze
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er
Seinen echten turkschen Taback
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

Into the bald pate of Cassander,
Who rends the air with screaming,
Blithe Pierrot, affecting airs so
kind
And tender--bores with a skull
drill!

Then he plugs with his big thumb
His own genuine Turkish tobacco
Into the bald pate of Cassander,
Who rends the air with screaming.

Then screwing his cherry pipestem
Deep into the polished baldpate,
Quite at ease he puffs and draws
His own genuine Turkish tobacco
Out of the bald pate of Cassander!

17. Parodie / Parody

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar,
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich--horch!--ein Wispern!
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen--
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

Steel needles, twinkling brightly,
Stuck in her graying hair,
Sits the duenna, murmuring,
In her knee-length scarlet skirt.

She's waiting in the arbor,
She loves Pierrot with aching
heart--

Steel needles, twinkling brightly,
Stuck in her graying hair.

But suddenly--hark--a whisper!
A windpuff titters softly;
The moon, the cruel mocker,
Is aping with its bright rays
Steel needles' wink and blink.

18. Der Mondfleck / The Moonspot

Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen
Rockes,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,
Aufzusuchen Gluck und Abenteuer.

Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem
Anzug,
Er beschaut sich rings und findet
richtig--
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen
Rockes.

Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein
Gipsfleck!
Wischt und wischt, doch--bringt ihn
nicht herunter!
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen,
weiter,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen
Morgen--
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.

With a spot of white, of shining
moonlight,
On the collar of his jet-black jacket,
So Pierrot goes walking in the evening,
Out to seek some joy and high adventure.

Suddenly, in his dress something
disturbs him.
He examines it--and yes, he finds
there
A spot of white, of shining moonlight,
On the collar of his jet-black jacket.

Hang it, he thinks; another spot of
whitewash!
Whisks and whisks, yet he cannot
remove it.
So he goes on, full of spleen and fury,
Rubs and rubs until the early morning
A spot of white, of shining moonlight.

19. Serenade / Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,
Knipst er trub ein Pizzicato.

Plötzlich naht Cassander--wütend
Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen--
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.

Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:
Mit der delikaten Linken
Fasst den Kahlkopf er am Kragen--
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.

With a bow grotesque and monstrous,
Pierrot scrapes away at his viola;
Like a stork on only one leg,
Sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Pop, out comes Cassander,
Raging at the nightly virtuoso--
With a bow grotesque and monstrous,
Pierrot scrapes away at his viola.

Now he throws down his viola:
With his delicate left hand
He grabs the baldpate by the collar--
Dreamily plays upon his tonsure
With a bow grotesque and monstrous.

20. Heimfahrt / Homeward Bound

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder;
Seerose dient als Boot:
Drauf fährt Pierrot den Süden
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,
Kahrt nun Pierrot zurück,
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten
Der grüne Horizont.
--Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

A moonbeam for the rudder,
Water lily for a boat,
So Pierrot travels southward
With fresh prevailing wind.

The stream hums deep cadenzas
And rocks the little skiff;
A moonbeam for the rudder,
Water lily for a boat.

To Bergamo, the homeland,
Now Pierrot returns;
Faint glows the green horizon
With dawning in the east--
A moonbeam for the rudder.

21. O Alter Duft / O Fragrance Old

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein glückhaft Wünschen macht mich
froh
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet;
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen Unmut gab ich preis,
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster

Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten . . .

O alter Duft--aus Märchenzeit!

O fragrance old from days of yore
Once more you intoxicate my sense
A prankish troop of rogueries
Is swirling through buoyant air.

A cheerful longing makes me hope
For joys which I had long despise
O fragrance old from days of yore
Once more you intoxicate me.

I have abandoned all my gloom
And from my window framed in
sunlight
I freely gaze on the dear world
And dream beyond in boundless
transport--
O fragrance old--from days of yore

PROGRAM NOTES

SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION, OP. 110 (1937) - BÉLA BARTÓK (1881 - 1945)

Commissioned by the Swiss conductor, Paul Sacher, on behalf of the Basel section of the International Society for Contemporary Music, this "Quartet for two pianists and two percussionists" ranges among Bartók's most profound and mature ensemble works, comparable only to his other two famous "Basel"-works--the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste, and the Divertimento for String Orchestra. Although deeply grounded in the archaic musical heritage of East European peasant cultures, Bartók always was the ingenious visionary who transformed those impulses received through his folk music research into "art music", thereby creating a musical language that projected far beyond his time. Even today we stand in awe before the structural and harmonic complexities of the towering first movement of this sonata. Never before has a composer exploited such a wide array of percussion instruments with such finesse and refinement. In addition to the two pianos, the score calls for three timpani, xylophone, side drum with snares, side drum without snares, cymbal suspended, pair of cymbals, bass drum and tam-tam. Since Bartók perceived the piano essentially as a percussive instrument, it is no surprise that he was intrigued by the idea of combining its sound propensities with the rich sonorities inherent to those percussion instruments he used.

The result in form of this Sonata is overwhelming. The dominating first movement, which is as long as the

SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION, OP. 110 (1937) -
BÉLA BARTÓK (1881 - 1945) continued

two others combined, follows in essence the concept of the sonata movement form. However, the most striking features are

- a) a formal concept that is based on the proportions of the "Golden Division" creating a kind of "architecture in time";
- b) a harmonic language--easily recognized as "Bartókian" today--which is based to a large extent on the Fibonacci-Series, a mathematical manifestation of the Golden Division, expressed in proportions of whole numbers;
- c) a highly complex rhythmical structure, so difficult to realize, that at first this was considered hardly possible to play;
- c) a masterly contrapuntal texture, which includes many "learned devices" like inversions, old forms like the canon, or compact imitative treatment of small motives.

All this seems to serve a tremendous emotional pulse sometimes emerging with cataclysmic power.

The other two movements are much more relaxed. They employ the percussion instruments in a more solistic way, thereby allowing for a maximum display of individual sonorities. In the slow movement, Bartók uses a number

SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION, OP. 110 (1937) -
BÉLA BARTÓK (1881 - 1945) continued

of characteristic sound effects, like the glissando and the tone cluster, that complement the inherent qualities of the percussion instruments. The tonal centres of the beautifully melancholic theme are again designed according to Bartók's expanded harmonic scheme, which the famous Hungarian theoretician, Ernö Lendvai, called "Bartok's Axis System", which can be described as a harmonic twelve-tone concept that never leaves the firm grounds of tonality.

The last movement is essentially a joyful play with important motives derived from the original diatonic theme as stated by the xylophone in the very beginning. Here we again find strict motivic work combined with strong contrapuntal elements. In many ways, Bartok's compositional procedures are like those of Beethoven. In contemplating this fact and comparing the last string quartets by Beethoven with the first string quartet by Bartok, for example, one could be tempted to say that Bartok continued where Beethoven left off, as if the wonderfully magical realm of Romanticism in music had never existed.

(Helmut Brauss)



**Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21
(1912) continued**

Part II:

8. Nacht
9. Gebet an Pierrot
10. Raub
11. Rote Messe
12. Galgenlied
13. Enthauptung
14. Die Kreuze

Part III:

15. Heimweh
16. Gemeinheit!
17. Parodie
18. Der Mondfleck
19. Serenade
20. Heimfahrt
21. O alter Duft

Elsie Hepburn (sprechstimme)

Norman Nelson (violin and viola)

Colin Ryan (violoncello)

Kerry Rittich (flute and piccolo)

John Mahon (clarinet and bass clarinet)

Joachim Segger (piano)

Malcolm Forsyth (conductor)

Intermission

Sonata for two pianos and percussion, Op. 110 (1937)

Béla Bartók

(1881-1945)

Assai lento — Allegro molto

Lento ma non troppo

Allegro non troppo

Helmut Brauss and Elizabeth Laich (pianos)

Barry Nemish and

Brian Jones (percussion)

The Department of Music gratefully acknowledges the donations of time and talent by staff, students, and friends without which the Encounters series would not be possible.

The next program in the Encounters series will take place on Sunday, March 2 at 8:00 p.m. in Convocation Hall featuring works by Janáček, Forsyth, Scriabin and Britten.

